

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$ 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month.....	3 00
One Square, one inch, three months.....	7 00
One Square, one inch, one year.....	25 00
Two Squares, one year.....	45 00
Quarter Column, one year.....	30 00
Half Column, one year.....	50 00
One Column, one year.....	80 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.  
Marriage and death notices gratis.  
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.  
Job work—cash on delivery.

The oldest employees in the Postal Department in Washington are James H. Marr, eighty-one years old, and Inez Lawrenson, eighty-four. Both were appointed by Andrew Jackson in 1831.

Professor Baird says fishes can live to be 150 years old. We don't doubt this in the least. They are always the largest fishes too. That is the kind that always breaks away from the hook at the very last moment, and never is seen again.

The electric well or pit in Taliaferro County, Ga., still continues to cure severe cases of chronic rheumatism. The well is located on the side of a small mountain four miles from the Sharon station, on the Georgia railroad. It was dug last summer in a search for gold.

The Rev. John White, a colored preacher of Greenwood, Ark., who will be 102 years old in July, has taken out a license to marry Mrs. Edie Smith, who is a giddy girl of sixty-five summers. The Rev. John has been preaching eighty-one years, and has married twice.

A German paper says that extraordinary activity is displayed at the Krupp Works in Essen, and that new buildings are required to enable the works to complete the orders for guns for the German Government within the specified time. This is not a sign of peace by any means.

A physician, referring to the custom of traveling on sleeping cars with the berth made up with their heads towards the engine, said: "It is certainly bad for the brain of the sleeper, as it is not natural, and it is no wonder that so many travelers, especially those who have been on the road exclusively, experience bad effects from it."

The plan of throwing a bridge over the Straits of Messina, that separate Sicily from Italy, will, when consummated, be one of the most striking feats of modern engineering. The place selected is where the channel is two and one-half miles wide and three hundred and sixty-one feet deep, and two piers will support a viaduct of steel rails to a height of three hundred and twenty-eight feet above the water.

A Springfield (Mass.) man has discovered what has long been pretty well known—that the real mission of the mosquito is to purify. He had two hogheads filled with water, and into one he put a lot of wrigglers or embryo mosquitoes. The water free from the wrigglers soon became foul, but that containing them remained sweet. So he concludes that mosquitoes keep our swamps from becoming foul and pestilent.

There is a specimen in the United States mint which illustrates how a coin may become famous without the least premonition. In 1849 a law passed Congress ordering \$20 gold pieces to be struck. One piece was struck. Something happened that delayed the work, and the year closed. Then, of course, the dies had to be destroyed, as no more of that date could be legally issued. It is marked "unique," was the only one struck and hence is "priceless."

There are local developments of co-operation throughout the country that are interesting reading. The great Cambria iron works at Johnstown, Penn., which employs 6,500 persons, has decided to make its "company store" a co-operative concern. It sells \$1,000,000 a year in goods. The capital will be \$200,000. Holdings by any one person are limited. Dividends cannot go above ten per cent. Stockholders have a first claim of six per cent. Then all purchasers of \$10 worth of goods have three per cent. off; then the stockholders, if there is still further profit, may have their dividend raised to ten per cent. Above ten per cent. all profit goes to customers in a rebate on purchases.

Colonel W. L. Utley, who recently died at Racine, Wisconsin, was "the owner of the last slave on American soil," says a correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel. When he was in Tennessee with his regiment, a colored boy escaped from his master and sought refuge in the Colonel's tent. The owner came into camp the next day and demanded the surrender of his property, but Colonel Utley refused to give up the boy. Several years afterward the slave-owner brought suit in the United States Court in the Milwaukee District for damages, and secured a verdict of \$1,000, which Colonel Utley paid. "This," says the correspondent, "was the last judgment of the kind. Colonel Utley applied to Congress for relief, and more than ten years after the emancipation proclamation he was indemnified by the government for the money he gave for the boy's freedom."

## HOME.

Oh! what is home? that sweet companionship  
Of life the better part;  
The happy smile of welcome on the lip  
Uprising from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,  
The long remembered tone,  
The ready sympathy which understands  
All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed  
To ours in loving gleam;  
The presence of our dearest and our best,  
No matter where we be.

And, falling this, a prince may homeless live,  
Though palace walls are high;  
And, having it, a desert shore may give  
The joy wealth cannot buy.

Far reaching as the earth's remotest span,  
Widespread as ocean foam,  
One thought is sacred in the breast of man—  
It is the thought of home.

That little word his human fate shall bind  
With destinies above,  
For there the home of his immortal mind  
Is in God's wider love.

## THE OLD SETTLER.

### HE ENLIGHTENS LITTLE PELEG.

"Grandpop," said little Peleg, as he fingered a stiff-sprung patent clothespin, and cast a glance at the old cat that lay snoozing in the splint-bottom rocking chair, "Grandpop," said he, "what are the wild waves saying?"

The Old Settler looked up from the pages of the local paper, in which he was reading an account of a hog-guessing match that had come off over at the Corners. He scowled over his spectacles at Peleg, who fitted the clothespin carefully on his nose and closed his mouth to see how long he could hold his breath.

"I hain't heard no wild waves a yellin' anything very loud lately, ez I knows on," said the Old Settler. "Which wild waves is it th'—M'riar! Whack that young'un on the back or he'll bust ev'ry gizzard he's got!"

Peleg had hung on to his breath until his eyes began to bulge out, and his face was as red as his grandfather's nose. He succumbed to the inevitable before his grandmother could give him the whack. He opened his mouth and started his lungs to working again, but left the clothespin on his nose. His grandfather glared at him for a moment, and then said:

"Which wild waves is it th' yer speakin' of?"

"Theb that rips and roars arou'd Coney's Island," replied Peleg, his utterance stopped by the pressure of the clothespin on his nose.

The Old Settler reached for his cane. "Peleg!" exclaimed his grandmother, "take that clothespin offen your nose! Ye gimme a cold in the head to hear ye! What was ye meanin' ter say?"

Peleg removed the clothespin and repeated his remark. "Them that rips and roars around Coney's Island; that's what I said. What are they saying, grandpop?"

"Coney's Island!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "What in Sam Hill do you know 'bout Coney's Island, or 'bout any wild waves ez mov't or ez mov'ta't be a rippin' an' a roarin'?"

"The new school ma'am from town boards to Bill Simmons's," replied Peleg, "and t'other night she was telling us 'bout Coney's Island. She's been there lots, and she told us that she could set on the bank down there and listen to what the wild waves was saying all day long. I asked her what they was saying, and she said: 'Oh! much, little boy! She didn't say how much or what it was, and I asked Bill Simmons if he knowed, and he said he did but wasn't giving it away. 'Go ask yer grandpop,' Bill said. 'If he can't tell you,' says Bill, 'the world's coming to an end.' That's how I come to ask you, grandpop. Can't you tell me?"

"Yes, b'gosh, I kin!" exclaimed the Old Settler, shaking his fist in the direction of the Simmons homestead. "I kin tell ye! Them wild waves is a sayin', an' they're yoopin' it out so's it kin be heard from Coney's Island to sundown, th' the best thing you kin do is to keep shet of that Bill Simmons, or that a shingle out thar in the yard that'll make the properest kind of a paddle, an' if that paddle is made an' used you'll hef to stan' up fer more'n a week w'en ye eat yer slap-jacks an' 'lasses! That's w'at them wild waves is sayin', Peleg, an' it's yer poor of gran'-pop th' t'ellin' ye so, b'gosh'mighty, an' ye won't listen!"

Peleg sat down by the side of the splint-bottom rocking chair. He said nothing, but thought to himself, as he toyed with the clothespin, that if the wild waves had said all that to the schoolma'm, she must have been more than pleased at their remarks about the paddle and the slap-jacks. The Old Settler picked up his paper again. Peleg's grandmother took her knitting and went to the "settin'" room, and his grandfather, after finishing the account of the hog-guessing—which stated that Pete Helligridge had won the hog—and remarking that if Pete didn't trade the hog off for a bar' o' cider the winnin' o' it'd be a lucky thing for his family, ez they'd ben browsin' on sassafras all winter, he turned to Peleg and said:

"Yes, my son, that's w'at them wild waves is sayin', an' ez yer gran'-mammy hain't in hearin' to get worried at our talkin', I'll tell ye w'at some wild waves done to me wunst. Them waves didn't say nothin', but they jist got up an' done. This happened w'en I were a boy, consid'able many year ago. 'Twere on the fifth day of April, 1823, in the arternoon. I were jist comin' seven year old. Ther' had ben a big rain fer two or three days, an' I know'd th' Sloplick Creek must be jist right fer sucker fishin', an' so I sneaked my pap's chesnut pole an' hoshair line outen the barn an' set cross-logs fer the big bend o' the creek, w'ich

were jist over a raise o' ground from our cabin in the clearin', maybe four or five rod away, but out o' sight, 'cause 'twere in the guiley, twenty-five foot lower'n the clearin'. An' speakin' o' sucker fishin', sonny, ye'll see, 'fore I git through with this litle anecdote, th' th' was suckers in the creeks in them days. Th' haint none in 'em now, but thuz a many o' one outen the creeks, an' big un's, too. Wall, w'en I come in sight o' whar ol' Sloplick orter been jist more th'n biling, owin' to the hard rains, I almos' tumbled back in a faintin' fit. Th' wa'n't no Sloplick thar! The bed o' the creek were dryer'n a salt herrin'! Ez fer ez I could see down the creek, a picked chicken couldn't a ben no barer th'n them rocks on the bottom was. The creek had a fall o' more'n twenty foot to the miled, an' even in low water went down by thar, on its way to the river three miled below, like a peeled hemlock log down roll way, an' thar she were, arter all them rains, dry an' empty from bank to bank. Peleg, I were skeert, and I tuck to tremblin' wuss th'n a hungry dog at daylight on a frosty mornin'.

I thort the world were comin' to an end right thar an' then. Pooty soon I got stiddy enough to look up the creek, an' then I were skeert wuss'n ever, fer 'bout a quarter of a miled away, in that direction, thar were the creek again' up stream ez fast ez it could tear! Goin' right up that big grade o' twenty foot to the miled, Peleg, like a train o' keers! W'en I see that jist jiggled right down an' waited fer the 'arthquakes an' Gab'el to come followin' along, acemkin' an' aootin'. I laid thar awile, but they didn't neither on 'em come, an' the creek kep' scimblin' up to'ards its headwaters, zif it'd ben sent fer to come back hum an' hadn't no time to spare gittin' thar. It were movin' back'ards in a flood more'n thirty foot high, ez nigh ez I could judge from seein' the gable end of it, and pooty soon I noticed that th' were a heap o' commotion on the edge of it.

"Wall, says I to myself, gittin' up onter my feet, 'th' can't be nothin' to hurt a feller in a flood th' d'oin' its best to run away from him like that," says I, "an' so I guess I'll quit waitin' fer Gab'el an' the 'arthquakes," says I, "an' I'll jist start arter that creek an' see w'at's a ailin' on it to make it go an' out up that way," says I.

"So away I dug ez tight ez my legs'd carry me, but the creek had got such a start o' me that it tuck me a good half hour 'fore I ketch'd up with it. An' ez soon ez I did ketch up with it, my son, I see to wunst w'at were ailin' on it. Ye must know, to git the hang o' this, Peleg, th' suckers starts fer the creeks on the fast high water th' comes in the spring, an' th' they gather together by the boat load at the mouths of creeks waitin' fer the flood th' t'ells 'em things is ready fer 'em up the creek, an' then they go. That had ben an onus'l good season fer suckers to winter over in, an' they had waxed an' grow'd fat, an' they had in such uncommon big crowds, th' w'en they started in at the mouth o' Sloplick Creek that ninth day o' April, they jist dammed the hull course o' the stream, an' fer a time it had ben nip an' tuck ez to w'ich'd hef to stop, the creek or the suckers. But in them days suckers had vim an' push in 'em. These fellers at the mouth o' Sloplick had started to git up that creek, an' t'wa'n't their fault, b'gosh, if it couldn't furnish water enough, with all the rain it'd had fer a week past, fer 'em to wiggle up on; so they jist put their shoulders to the wheel, an' at it they went, an' shoved the rushin' flood o' ol' Sloplick right back w'en, pilin' it up in a wall thirty foot high, an' kep'in' her a movin' back so fast, steep ez the grade were, th' she couldn't git no foothold, an' had to go. So, of course, ev'rythink were left high an' dry shind that pushin' army o' suckers, an' natur' in them parts were lookin' queer.

"Peleg, when I ketch'd up to that retreatin' creek, nothin' could be seen on face o' that high wall but snouts, an' tails, an' fins, an' backs, an' bellies o' suckers. They was piled on one another from the bed o' the creek to the top o' the flood, pushin' an' shovin' and crowdin' to keep the ball a rollin'. I see w'at the hull business meant to wunst, an' I pitched right in to do some o' the tallest sucker fishin' th' were ever heerd on along Sloplick Creek. I chucked away my pole and d'uv inter that bank o' suckers an' jist went to min' fish by the ton. They kep' me on a dead run to keep up with 'em, but they hain't that stream up hill so fast, but I grabbed an' clawed right an' left, an' throw'd suckers out on the bank by the wagon load. I strung suckers along the banks fer a miled, an' still the flood went a rollin' up hill ez easy ez pickin' up sticks. The headwaters o' Sloplick Creek was in a swamp almost on the top o' Booby Ridge. Ez I were runnin' long ahind that sucker bank all of a sudden it struck me that if nothin' happened to stop 'em, them suckers'd shove the creek clean through the swamp, the way they was goin', and push her on over the ridge, and then she'd go teehout down t'other side, and an' w'ise Slaydrop's clearing offen the face o' creation quicker'n lightning could melt a tub of butter. I were bound to see the fun, an' if suckers wa'n't the timidest an' skeeriest critters th' swim, that fun'd a come to pass.

"It had happened, sonny, th' th' only the other day afore this high ol' sucker fishin' o' mine, I had considered it a litle piece o' duty I owed to the community to pitch inter Shadrack Jamberry, ol' Poke Jamberry's boy, an' lam him the properest kind. Consistent he had a grudge agin me. He lived close to the creek, nearly two miled above our place, at the Fiddler's Elbow Bend. This bend was so sharp th' ez me an' the suckers an' the creek were conin' to'ards the bend I see Shadrack standin' on the bank, an' he see me. Th' wa'n't nuthin' selfish about me, so I hollered to Shadrack, to show him th' I didn't hev no hard feelin's, to come back an' foller the circus,

an' lay in a stock o' suckers agin a coon famine. But Shadrack wa'n't of a zneck an' forgivin' natur' like me, an' so, instead o' takin' the olive branch I offered, he grabs up a couple o' big stuns an' chucks 'em in the water ahead o' me an' the suckers. That skeert the timid fish th' was in the lead, an' they got demoralized an' turned tail. The panic spread to the hull caboodle o' suckers, an' the fust thing I know'd I were h'isted up in the air zif I'd ben blowed up in a blast, an' wh-o-o-o! away I were goin' back down stream like a hailstorm in a hurrycane o' wind! Thar I were, Peleg, ridin' high an' dry on a big raft o' suckers, an' a gin' sumpin' like a miled a minute boun' fer some whar, but whar I didn't know. Ye orter be very thankful, sonny, th' yer a livin' now, an' not in them days w'en us pioneers was a sufferin' in an' a runnin' risks like that, jist to plant civilization an' git it in shape fer folks that's livin' now!

"I were boosted way up so high by that raft o' demoralized suckers th' ez we tere along to'wards our folks' clearin' I could look right down over the raise twixt it an' the creek, an' ez we come nigher I could see my hard-workin' pap settin' in the cabin door smokin' his corn-cob pipe, and my easy-goin' mammy a choppin' wood to git supper with. 'Thinks I to myself, I wonder if they'd ever find me when this runaway flood o' bilin' waters an' panic-struck suckers comes to the bend some'rs? An' jist then we struck the bend in the creek nigh the clearin'. The bend were 'bout ez sudden ez the angle in a ship-knee, an' w'en the wall o' suckers planked agin it the bank o' the bend ben twenty-five foot high an' all rock, 'twere like the comin' together o' two engines. The body o' the army were fetched up a standin', but me an' the top layers o' the sucker raft was five foot higher'n the rocks, an' as we hadn't nuthin' we kep' straight on. We left the water route, an' traveled the rest o' the way by the air line, an' 'fore my good ol' parents know'd w'at hit 'em they was kivered snug an' comfortable in under sumpin' like half an acre o' suckers, not countin' me. It took me quite a w'ile to dig the ol' folks out; but they wa'n't hurt anything with mentionin'. My folks wa'n't no ways noted fer bein' curious 'bout things, an' all th' tere were ever said 'bout that big sucker fish o' mine was this. Mam says: 'Whar'd ye ketch 'em?' 'In the bend o' the creek,' I says, 'I've alluz heerd,' says pap, 'th' the best time to ketch suckers were on the fust flood, an' this makes it good. An' that ended it; but we had fresh suckers, an' salt suckers, an' smoked suckers, an' sucker pop from then on till the nex' Christmas. So ye see, Peleg, that them wild waves didn't say nothin' to me, but they got right up an' done, an'—"

The Old Settler was cut short off in whatever moral he intended to draw, for the dozing cat hurled herself against his stomach by one wild leap from the splint-bottom rocking chair, and with a yell that scared a dog on the opposite side of the road, and brought Peleg's grandmother out of the sitting room on a trot. The cat sank its claws deeper and deeper into the Old Settler, and he joined in the yelling. Little Peleg went quietly out of the kitchen door, and by the time his grandmother had removed a patent clothes pin from the cat's tail he was half way over to Bill Simmons's.—Ed. Mott, in New York Sun.

**Tribute to a Wife.**  
Robert J. Burdette publishes in Lippincott's a paper of reminiscences entitled: "Confessions of a Reformed Humorist." Full of the gentle pathos which has always tempered and purified his work, and breathing the fondest love for his dead wife, to whom he pays the following tribute in closing:

"As I close this paper I miss the loving collaboration that with so much grace and delicacy would have better prepared these pages for the reader. The first throbs of literary ambition, my earliest and later successes, so far as I have been successful, whatever words of mine may be pleased to remember most pleasantly, whatever of earnestness and high purpose there is in my life, whatever inspiration I ever had or have that enters into my work and makes it more worthy of acceptance I owe to the greatest, best and wisest of critics and collaborators, a loving, devoted wife. And if ever I should win one of the prizes which men sometimes give to those who amuse them, the wreath should not be placed on the jester who laughs and sings, but on the brow of her who inspired the mirth and the song."

**A Bird Kills Itself.**  
An incident occurred in Salem yesterday which likely will not be repeated in a half dozen centuries. An English sparrow was building a nest in the porch of Mr. E. A. Ebert's residence, and carried a string to the nest, and had it partially woven in, when it attempted to fly, and by some means the other end of the string became entangled around its head, and held it fast tethered by the neck. The helpless little creature became frightened and fluttered and struggled in vain to free itself. The miniature noise only closed tighter about its throat till finally it dropped dead—hung by the neck as neatly as a human hand could have done it. The incident, which probably has not a duplicate in history, recalls one of a somewhat similar character with regard to a horse. He was grazing, and had on a halter with a short rein dangling from his head. The horse's tail was short and stubby, and in throwing his head around to scare off a fly, the bridle rein got hitched over the tail. The horse finding his head fastened, became excited, gave a sudden and violent jerk of his head, which broke his neck and resulted in instant death.—Winston (N. C.) Sentinel.

A residence of one year is required in the State of Delaware before a man is qualified by law to catch a shad.

## READY WHILE YOU WAIT.

### THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH SOME ARTICLES ARE TURNED OUT.

You Can Have a House or a Shirt or a Set of Teeth Made in an Hour—Quick Trade Methods.

"While you wait!" It is now many years since this expression was made popular by a down-town hatter, who advertised to "block your hat while you wait, for fifty cents," but it still retains its value in a commercial sense, and has been appropriated by the manufacturing world generally throughout the length and breadth of the land. As originally applied to the hatter's business it was ridiculed, laughed at and criticized perhaps more than any other expression of the kind, unless it be the oft-quoted "boots blacked inside," and yet to-day it is an important line in the advertisements of nearly every manufacturing interest in the United States. Do you want a pair of trousers, a suit of clothes, a shirt, your shoes soled and heeled, a new main-spring in your watch, a set of false teeth, a house built—do you want anything that can be made by the hand of man—you can get it "while you wait!"

At a certain haberdasher's near Union Square shirts can be had to order, made after any pattern, in any size, guaranteed to fit and ready to wear while the customer is getting shaved around the corner. It is accomplished by having ready-cut sleeves, yokes, bosoms, bands and bodies always on hand. A capable cutter with a few flashes of his big shears will correct the defects of any of the parts, skilled operators will run parts through the sewing machine in a twinkling, while a patent washer, rinsing, wringer, dryer and ironer will turn the shirts out ready to be put on, and all inside of twenty minutes. In Houston street within the shadow of Police Headquarters, there is a concern that will sole and heel your shoes while you look over the columns of the daily paper, and determine to what place of amusement you will go to in the evening. The tailors on the Bowery who will measure a customer for a pair of trousers, cut, trim and make them and press them while he is taking his lunch, are numerous, while those who will turn out a full suit of clothes while the customer is taking in some one of the theatres near by are quite as many.

Dentists, who have in stock all kinds, varieties and qualities of plates, and will fit a patient's mouth with a partial or full set of teeth in a less time than it once took to draw a single tooth, abound on Eighth, Sixth and Third avenues, as well as some of the cross streets. In Chicago there is a dentist who advertises to furnish new and full sets of teeth, guaranteed to give satisfaction, by mail or express, and sends the same to remote points on approval. A firm of builders in Michigan will ship at once on receipt of order any size, kind or variety of a frame structure that may be desired. Parties intending to locate in Florida or at the seashore are especially requested to send for a descriptive circular. These houses are built in sections and shipped as they are built. An hour's work, the proprietors say, will make any changes that a customer can possibly want. Several persons who will summer at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove this year, it is understood, will introduce these ready-made homes there early in the season. The same manner of houses were prepared for the late Greeley Relief Expedition. The secret of cleaning and repairing watches while you wait is, according to the assertion of the manufacturers, that the entire movement is taken out and a new one of the same kind is substituted. Now that most of the movements sold are made by machinery and of standard sizes, just as the cases of a watch are made, it is easy to see how this can be done. Persons having a Jurgensen or any other valuable movement however, would do well to pause before they have a watch-maker repair their timepieces while they wait. Still, there are parts of a watch movement that can be duplicated almost at a moment's notice without affecting its value, such as pinions, ratchets, gear wheels and screws.

The science of cutting, fitting and trimming ladies' garments has progressed to such an extent that a dressmaker very often makes an entire suit for a customer while she is finishing a shopping tour, and as is oftentimes done by men's tailors, habit-makers cut, fit and make dresses while a customer waits in her parlors. Printers will prepare a form for a job, make it ready and run off an order while a customer writes a letter, and recently the writer had a card engraved and printed while he selected a wedding invitation for a friend.—New York Mail and Express.

**Building Up a Town.**  
Fostoria, Ohio, the home of ex-Governor Foster, is a city of about 6,000, only a short distance from Toledo, and twelve miles from Tiffin, a city of 10,000. Governor Foster's father started a general store at the cross roads, and when his son Charles became of age he had studied the secret of building up a town. He dragged in everything. One day a druggist came along looking for a place to locate, and Charley says: "Here, take these compounds and go across the street and start a drug store, and if you haven't the capital I'll help you." He turned over his stock of nails and screws to another man and started a large hardware store, but he didn't tell him to spoil his trade by handling lumber, lime and a dozen other articles. Those he reserved for another new comer. Groceries, clothing, queensware, etc., followed suit until the town was made, and Mr. Foster, by the rise of real estate, became a millionaire. His secret was: Divide up and keep a good stock—encourage emigration.—Toledo Blade.

## OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

They ain't no style about 'em,  
And they're sorter pale and faded;  
Yet the doorway here without 'em  
Would be lonelier, and shaded  
With a good 'ol blacker shadder  
Than the mornin' glories makes,  
And the sunshine would look sadder,  
For their good, old-fashioned ankles.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o'  
Sorter makes a feller like 'em;  
And I tell you when you find a  
Bunch out whar the sun can strike 'em  
It allus sets me thinkin'  
O' the ones 'at used to grow,  
And peek in through the chinkin'  
O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,  
And how she used to love 'em,  
When they wuzn't any other,  
'Less they found 'em up above 'em!  
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,  
Whispered with a smile, and said,  
We must pluck a bunch and put 'em  
In her hand when she was dead.

But, as I wuz a sayin',  
They ain't no style about 'em  
Very gaudy or displayin',  
But I wouldn't be without 'em,  
'Cause I'm happier in these poses  
And the hollyhaws and such  
Than the hummin' bird 'at noses  
In the roses of the rich.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Prince of Wales—The tom cat.  
An important question—Is her father wealthy?—Tid-Bits.

The crematory is the burn from which no traveler returns.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.  
The fishery question—Did you bring the flask with you, Jack?—Boston Courier.

How to keep the boys at home—induce some of the neighbor's girls to run in often.

"Beware of a man of one book," especially if it is a subscription book.—Boston Bulletin.

That this world is not balanced right is plainly to be seen.  
When one man walks to make him fat,  
And another to make him lean.  
—Danville Breeze

"Johnny," said a mother to her son, nine years old, "go and wash your face; I am ashamed of seeing you come to dinner with such a dirty mouth." "I did wash it, mamma," and feeling his upper lip, said gravely: "I think it must be a mustache coming.—Sittings.

That Cupid in blindness must follow his wits.  
Is a blessing, and not a disaster,  
Since it keeps the men from seeing the plim-ple that lurks  
'Neath the maiden's small patch of court plaster.  
—Merchant-Traveler

"What a mobile countenance Miss L. has," said a gentleman to a young lady at a social gathering the other evening. "Yes," replied the young woman with an effort to smile, for Miss L. was her hated rival, "she has a very mobile countenance and New Orleans molasses colored hair." And she elevated her little pug nose as high as she could, and found an attraction at the other side of the room.—Bl-mira Gazette.

## The Archbishop's Neat Retort.

The story is told that Archbishop Ryan and ex-Attorney General Wayne MacVeagh were present at a recent gathering, which included a number of prominent railroad officials. Mr. MacVeagh brought the railroad men and the Archbishop together, and after the first salutations were over Mr. MacVeagh turned to Archbishop Ryan and said: "Now, Archbishop, these are gentlemen whose acquaintance it would be well for you to cultivate. If you once get on the right side of them they will give you passes over all their lines;" and then the Attorney General added: "Of course, they will expect in return that you will give them all passes to heaven." The Archbishop's response came quickly and quietly: "My dear sir," he said, "I should be only too happy to give the gentlemen passes to heaven if it lay within my power, but I should regret to separate them from their counsel."

## Odd Names for the Contribution Box.

We have heard odd names given to the contribution boxes which are passed among the pews of our churches with such regularity on all devotional occasions, especially to the long handled affairs which have of late taken place of the good, old-fashioned orthodox platter. These names have been generally strained—like "wooden corn popper," "undeveloped toy wagon," "mercedes gleaner," etc.—but I heard a truly witty designation given this useful piece of ecclesiastical furniture by a clergyman, while attending a union service recently. He first said that the collection on that occasion would be for the needy poor, asking for a liberal allowance on that account, and then added, drolly, as he held out a couple of long handled concerns with oval-shaped bowls: "The stewards will please pass around the ladies."—Chicago Journal.

## Sensation After Amputation.

Another curious case of apparent sensation in a member of the body after it had been amputated comes from Florida. George W. Clay's arm was amputated, put in a box and buried. Soon afterward he began to complain that the fingers of the buried hand were cramped and that there was sand between them. His physician and his sister had the box dug up and opened, and found the fingers cramped and the sand between, just as George had said. They arranged the arm properly and reburied it. Clay said that while they were gone he felt an awful pain in the amputated arm, and then came a sensation of great relief, and there was no longer the old cramped sensation in the hand.—Detroit Free Press.